

## HOW CHILDREN SHOULD BE POSED: ONE BAD POSE AND SEVEN GOOD ONES



## Only Survivor of the Alamo.

THE STORY OF A  
MODEL COMMUNITY.By Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, President of the  
National Federation of Woman's Clubs.

THE model community of which I am going to tell is extremely modest; in fact, so modest that the residents claim that all their plans are simply experiments, and they are not willing to have them published to the world without suppressing the name.

The town is very pretty; the houses are surrounded by fine gardens, even the smaller houses having bits of garden in front and behind, and they have no fences, but beautiful trees, which are the pride and care of every citizen.

There are three drinking fountains in the place, and at the foot of each fountain is a little, low place for the dogs to drink out of, and this fact alone speaks volumes for the good sense and kindness of the inhabitants. Of course, they have a public library, and the public library has several distributing points out in the country, and they have a good high school, with a principal who is very much interested in nature study, so that the pupils in attendance have had their eyes opened to the beauty and mystery of the world in which they live.

Lately a suspicion has been whispered that some of the boys were riding over on their bicycles to a neighboring town where beer can be bought, and it is even said that a roulette table is in active operation in a back room. So the ladies of the village held a meeting and very wisely decided that the best thing to do was to provide some counter attractions.

The ladies determined to open a reading room and a gymnasium. A large hall was rented, or rather the men rented it and the ladies controlled it. The larger part was fitted up as a gymnasium, and the rest as a pleasant living room. They built a little stage at one end of the gymnasium for theatricals, and they had a floor laid which was good to dance on, and a place arranged in the gallery for the band. They supplied the reading room with interesting boys' literature and good novels and with games for amusement.

When the winter came they had instrumental music and vocal culture in the afternoons, and also a large class in manual training which the boys seemed delighted to attend. Every Thursday evening there was a lecture at the hall given by the best speakers the ladies could secure. By the way, the committee in charge is composed of nine ladies; the chairman is the president of the Woman's Club. On Friday evenings there is a dance, with a teacher in attendance, and on Saturday evenings there is an open parliament, where questions of current interest are considered.

The response of the boys was immediate. They found their clubhouse delightful; they were interfered with as little as possible; there was plenty to do if they wanted to do it, and yet they were never unduly urged to take part in any game or study. The classes have grown steadily larger, and Friday evenings, when the dance is held, the hall is always more than comfortably filled. Of course, the boys do not dance by themselves; their sisters accompany them, and the dance is always over at half-past ten, and there are several ladies present as chaperons.

The change in the individual boys, members of the dancing class, is marked. At first the boy appears neatly dressed, but yet without that careful attention to the details of his toilet which seems of right to belong to dancing classes; but as the season progresses some instinct of the toilet is mysteriously aroused in the boy mind and his dress perceptibly improves, especially in the manner of neckties and cravats. He passes through several phases of increasing gorgeousness and finally settles down into the regulation simple white tie.

## First Woman Ever Divorced by a State.



Mrs. Laura Crocker Acklan.

A SAD story is the experience of Mrs. Laura Crocker Acklan, the handsome and accomplished daughter of ex-Judge T. D. Crocker, of Cleveland, O., whose tears so impressed the members of the House of Representatives at Dover, Del., recently that they forgot she was an heiress and passed her bill for divorce from her husband of less than a year. Mrs. Acklan is only twenty-three years old.

Early in March last Mrs. Acklan filed a bill for divorce in the Senate. She told the Divorce Committee that her husband had misrepresented his age to her and her parents. He told her he was thirty-two, she said, and he was forty-five; that he was not affectionate, and that he ill-treated her.

The committee listened to Mrs. Acklan's story of how he had disappointed her for about fifteen minutes, and by a unanimous vote agreed to report her bill favorably. When the matter came up in the House, however, it was sidetracked, and it was only after diligent work on the part of the woman and after numerous quarrels involving many Legislators that she was finally victorious.

Mrs. Acklan has acquired the distinction of being the first woman to be divorced by a State.

## A Banker's Plucky Wife.

THERE is nothing like the good old-fashioned methods, after all. Mrs. Andrew J. Graham, one of Chicago's prominent society women, has just proved this fact most forcibly.

When her husband was attacked by robbers in front of his house the other evening she never could have shot the men who were choking him, even if a revolver had been put in her hands; but she could scream, and this she did with all her strength, and the result was much more effectual.

It aroused the families of that aristocratic neighborhood to warlike deeds. They hurried into the street, armed with revolvers, brooms and hatchets, and surrounded Mr. Graham's house, and still the screaming never ceased.

At last Mrs. Graham was persuaded to stop long enough to explain to her would-be protectors that Mr. Graham and the robbers were now far out of sight. Mrs. Graham vehemently declares that no woman on earth is helpless if she can only scream.

Mrs. Andrew J. Graham,  
Heroine of an Attack  
by Burglars.

## The Best Woman Chess Player.

MRS. SHOWALTER, who is to be one of the American representatives at the International Chess Tournament in London this month, is one of the best chess players in America.

She is the wife of Jackson W. Showalter, who was recently defeated for the championship of America by Harry N. Pillsbury.

She has been known to beat him, and when they have been playing an even game, too, for Mrs. Showalter would scorn the idea of taking any pawns.

The international tournament in which she is to take part in London begins on June 22. There will be women representatives from America, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and England.

AN OBJECT LESSON  
IN POSING CHILDREN

DO you mothers, one and all, wish an excellent rule for posing your children for their photographs? Here it is: Don't pose them at all. Don't pull them, or twist them, or fret at them.

Give them a chance to feel natural and happy,

and they will pose for you. The perfectly natural position that a healthy, happy child will assume when pleased or interested will give you a finer pose than the best artist or most loving mother could suggest. But the average performance that a child goes through before the awful deed is done is enough to rob it of every particle of natural grace and beauty.

Here is the advice of a famous photographer: Never let a child know that it is going to have a picture taken. A picture of a child cannot be beautiful unless it is unconscious. Let the child imagine it is going on a visit to a "nice lady," or a "kind man," who loves to play with children, and, if possible, keep up this fiction even while the picture is being taken. A clever photographer can easily make a child believe that the camera, the black cloth, etc., is all a part of the game.

The simpler a child is dressed the better. Theatrical pictures for little folks are out of date. A pretty, dainty gingham, a trip linen slip, a flannel sailor suit—the dress, in fact, that your baby plays in every day of his life—that is the thing to have him photographed in.



The best of cake is made with Cleveland's Baking Powder



MADAME JUANITA CANDELERIA, who was the only survivor of the massacre of the Alamo by Santa Anna's army in 1836, has just passed her one hundred and thirtieth birthday, and is bright and spry in mind and body. She lives a quiet life in her humble home in the Mexican quarter of the city of San Antonio, Tex., and is supported by the donations of tourists who visit her every year.

This remarkable old lady seems to have taken a new lease of life since the Cuban war began, and she watches the progress of the Cuban's struggle for liberty with a deep interest. De-



Madame Juanita Candeleria.

This picturesque centenarian saw the famous massacre of the Alamo in Texas by Santa Anna's army in 1836, and is able to tell about it to-day.

spite her Spanish nativity, her sympathies are all with Cuba, and she earnestly prays each day that they may be victorious. The Cuban war news is read and translated to her each morning.

"The Cubans are certain to win," she said to a Journal correspondent. "They are fighting for liberty, and right is on their side. It may take a long time, but they will succeed. Poor Cuba! It is a baptism of blood, but in the years to come she will blossom as the rose."

"Is it not strange that your sympathies are not with your native country in this struggle?"

"Ah, no; the Spain of a century ago is not the Spain of to-day. Then her men were chivalrous and kind. Now they are cowards and cruel. It has been a great change, and this is the beginning of the end. Spain's days are numbered. Her Government is rapidly falling to pieces. One by one she is losing her rich possessions."

"The cruelty of the Spanish officers in Cuba is terrible. The action of the Spanish Government in sending boys as soldiers is even more cruel. Those poor Spanish boys! How they must suffer! How their heart-broken mothers in Spain must suffer! It is like going to certain death when they leave Spain for Cuba. They may not be killed in battle, but the fevers will kill them."